

## [you can't hide what lies inside you](#) by [Idhren15](#)

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**Summary:**

Every man has his secrets, but none as dangerous as Hyrule. The traveller has learnt to keep distance from everyone he meets, especially this new group of heavily-armed heroes.

But no secret can stay buried forever, and soon the truth of what Hyrule is will come to light, whether he likes it or not.

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In which Hyrule is a little less hylian and a little more faery, and his blood isn't the only thing he is hunted for.



# 1. spell

## Notes for the Chapter:

This started off as a drabble/oneshot exploring Hyrule's magic with a little more faery lore, but then it gained some more plot, and here we are.

Currently estimated 5 chapters, maybe more, we'll see. Hopefully weekly updates.

First chapter is more character study, the plot starts to come in with the next chapter. Still, I hope you enjoy!

The first spell Link learns is one of enchantment and protection.

He is young, only a child, left alone in the cruel, cold world. He is young, but there is something ancient in his veins, that hums under his skin with every step he takes. He is a child, but he carries himself taller, with a maturity that some adults lack. He is alone, but the earth whispers to him, the water sings, and the wind plays with his hair, all three of them his friends.

He has a destiny, one that he doesn't fully understand, but he knows that it will lead him to taking up arms, sword and shield, ready to defend not only himself, but anyone who needs him. He knows this, and so, he slips into an ancient library in the dead of night, the humming in his veins drawing him to the scroll he seeks. He doesn't understand written words, but the understanding comes to him anyway, as his rough fingers dance across the crisp paper.

He carefully places the scroll back in place, and slips away as quietly as he'd came.

And when an old man greets him, holding out a sword - *it's dangerous to go alone, take this!* - he takes a deep breath, calling on the warmth in his chest, and murmurs the ancient words.

He grasps the hilt of the sword, and does not feel any pain.

It quickly becomes a habit. Every time Link acquires a new weapon, a new shield, he whispers those words seconds before taking it in hand. He wears gloves as a precaution, but he is quick to cast the spell if he thinks there is a chance he may end up with the weapon. And in the worst case, if his efforts are wasted and the blade not destined to be his... well, one more sword out there that cannot harm him is not a negative consequence.

He discovers very quickly that there are many more in the world that can - and fully intend to - deal him harm.

He is strong, and a good fighter, taught solely by his own experience. But his only armour is of leather, and it does not offer enough protection for one who risks his life so often as he does.

Scratches that should be mere grazes are burns, and any deeper wounds are quicker to blister. The heat from the injuries is enough to make him pass out the first few times, but gradually he becomes more resistant. It still pains, still *burns*, but he learns to fight despite of it, fight *through* it, and come out victorious.

The second spell that Link learns is of healing, and it soon becomes as natural as breathing.

He doesn't bleed, he burns, but he learns how to treat his wounds, how to conduct the humming in his veins to bind himself back together, how to call on the songs of the water to combat the heat and the pain. He learns, and he recovers every time.

It is easier, living as a traveller, never staying in towns where people gather with their weapons and their armour. He refuses to stay in the castle, after his adventure is over, for that very reason. Out in the open, surrounded by the nature, the water and earth and wind, he is free, and he does not burn. There are fights still, and injuries that blister and blacken, but he knows how to deal with those, knows to be on his guard.

He doesn't have the ability to be so careful around ordinary people, and so, he avoids them.

His efforts are successful, until he stumbles through a portal and finds himself in a band of heroes.

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There are so many things for him to be wary of, now, and it leaves him skittish, disjointed, quite literally on the edge. Link - now dubbed Hyrule - simply doesn't understand why they have so much armour. Twilight, Sky, and Warriors all have chainmail, and so does Four, albeit concealed by his tunic. Wild occasionally wears it too, depending on his clothing choices, and the captain has metal vambraces as well. Legend and Wind don't favour armour, though the

former uses other protection, enchantments that Hyrule can sense, some of them comforting, others sickening.

And then there's Time.

Clad in almost a full suit of armour, Hyrule can barely stand to be within a metre of the man. It has a gold sheen to it, but he *knows* that the armour is not made of that metal. Gold, pure gold, is not strong enough for that job. He can also *feel* the heat, hear the humming that turns to shrieking beneath his skin when he draws too close. It's a constant buzzing now, with the chainmail and armour, not to mention all the swords and shields and various other weaponry that his travelling companions possess.

Hyrule has no choice but to avoid them all, especially their leader.

He considers casting the spell, and whilst that would be possible for their weapons, he has never tried it on armour. Besides, he is also aware that he is not the only one with an understanding of magic: Legend clearly has it, and he's seen Time, Warriors, and Four draw on such power during their battles.

Legend's magic is messy, and difficult for Hyrule to grasp a true sense of. It is mixed with enchantments and clouded by pain, but it feels the most comforting, of any of the others' magic.

Time's would be a comfort, too, as it is clearly gifted to him, but Hyrule cannot get close enough to the man to fully appreciate the feel of his magic. It is simple, though, and limited, but there is power beneath.

Warriors' lies dormant until a fight, in which it suddenly bursts to life, a supernova within him. Hyrule can sense the

light even across a battlefield, and he's been distracted before by simply watching the captain strike through many enemies with ease. His magic flares, fuelled by the fight, and his sword glows as he releases his power in a dramatic spin. He only uses his magic to assist in his attacks, and Hyrule wonders if the captain actually knows that he is using another power, not just his skill and adrenaline.

Then there is Four, whose magic feels both fractured and in harmony. It is very elemental, with one always taking prominence over the other three. Hyrule doesn't miss how the ground shifts to unbalance their foes, or the sharp wind that comes in to knock the monsters off their outposts. He also doesn't miss how the rods that Four wields are fake, nothing more than painted sticks, yet fire and ice shoot freely from them when the need arises.

Their magics intrigue him, with how different they feel to his own, and they must be, for none of them have the weakness that he does.

Hyrule knows it would be easier if he just told them of his weakness, but he can't bring himself to. As much as he is in awe of these heroes, and admires their light magic, there is also a darkness he can sense on them.

On Twilight it is most obvious; the man reeks of a dark magic unlike any Hyrule has ever witnessed, and he has no intention of getting close enough to understand. There is a hint of the same darkness on Four, too, but it is incredibly faint, so much so that Hyrule wonders if he imagines it.

Sky and Wild both show traces of ones who are cursed. For Wild, he gathers it was the loss of his memories, that clouds his aura. But for Sky... the hero has a good heart, and a

warmth to him, but there is a shadow over him, heavy words of condemnation that Hyrule cannot guess. It is Sky's secret to tell, and he has no intention of prying, rather opting to avoid Sky almost as much as he stays away from Time and Twilight, in case the curse could affect him too.

Warriors' magic is impressive, and filled with light, but it is fuelled by violence and bloodshed, certainly something to be wary of. As for Time, the gifts of light he carries in his heart are not the only magic bestowed upon him.

There is much darkness and pain in the masks he holds in his bag, yet another warning sign to the traveller.

That leaves only Wind and Legend who Hyrule dares go near; the former has no apparent magic of his own, and favours light fabrics over heavy armour, but the latter, though lacking in armour, has a magic that is too messy for Hyrule to determine if he is safe or not. By the time Hyrule figures out that Wind is the best person to stay near, the sailor has formed connections with the others, and Hyrule then feels too awkward to get close.

It would be so much easier if he just told them, but he cannot bring himself to be so vulnerable. Instead, he keeps quiet, and keeps to himself.

But he can only keep it secret for so long.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you so much for reading!



## 2. burn

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hey guys! I'm so happy that you're enjoying this fic so far! :D Faery Hyrule is so fun to explore, and I'm definitely delving more into faery lore with this chapter.

Enjoy! :)

"Hey! Catch!"

Hyrule's ears twitch seconds before the object comes whizzing through the air, and he instinctively reaches out to grab it. Even through the leather of his gloves, he *burns*, and he hisses and drops it immediately.

A dagger clatters to the ground, and across the camp, Wind looks both sheepish and concerned.

"I'm sorry Hyrule!" he exclaims, "I meant for Wild to get it. Are you okay? Did I cut you?"

"No, you didn't cut me," Hyrule manages to respond, gritting his teeth against the fiery pain.

"Are you sure? It looked like it hurt-"

"Just an old injury on my hand." *Old, by about half a minute, that is.*

"You could've caught it in the other hand then," Legend says, his eyes narrowed slightly.

Hyrule tenses as Time walks over, the heat off his armour doing nothing to help Hyrule's pain.

"You shouldn't be throwing your weapons around like that," their leader says sternly, looking pointedly at Wind, Wild, and Legend too. Then he turns his focus to Hyrule, and it takes all of the traveller's willpower to not recoil.

"Is it bad? Do you want me to look at it?" Time asks gently.

Hyrule rapidly shakes his head. "No, it's alright. I didn't get cut, I'm okay."

Time doesn't look convinced, but he also doesn't press, and as soon as the attention is diverted away from him, Hyrule scrambles up and hurries to somewhere more private. He takes the glove off swiftly, wincing as he stares at the ugly red mark across his weathered palm. Sighing, he whispers the words of healing, and watches the golden sparks dance over the wound, leaving the skin as unblemished as before. It was a stupid mistake, he blames himself for starting to let his guard down, for focusing only on their armour and swords, forgetting that there are other weapons and dangers that these heroes carry with them. He should be able to control his reactions, like he does in every battle, to not betray himself until he is completely alone.

With another sigh, he starts to replace his glove when suddenly a warning flares in his senses. He spins, golden power licking at his fingertips, then quickly clenches his fists and hides the glow.

It's only Legend, standing there, with Hyrule's sword.

"You left this," the veteran says rather bluntly, "If you're gonna go into the woods alone, whatever, but at least remember your sword."

"Oh yeah. Sure. Sorry," Hyrule answers, and reaches for it.

Legend steps back slightly, enough that he can't yet reclaim his weapon. "You know, there's something magical about your sword."

"Aren't all our swords magical?" Hyrule replies coolly, trying not to panic at seeing *his* sword in *someone else's hand*.

"Well yeah, I guess, but there's something more about yours. Is there an enchantment on it?"

Legend's blue eyes are calculating, focused, and the question is far too direct, Hyrule knows he won't be able to twist his words to trick him.

"Yes, there is an enchantment. It was placed on there when I first got the sword," he answers truthfully.

"Huh. What does it do?"

Some of the calculating look is gone, replaced by genuine curiosity.

"It's, um, protective. Means that the owner of the sword - me, that is - I can't be harmed by the sword," Hyrule explains, and it's *mostly* the truth.

Legend snorts, "So you won't accidentally cut yourself with your own blade?"

"I guess," the traveller shrugs, not wanting to elaborate.

"Or I suppose if your weapon was taken, it can't be used to harm you. Even if your enemy tries, they won't be able to attack you with it," Legend muses.

Hyrule just nods. "That, too."

Finally, *finally*, Legend relinquishes his hold, and returns the sword.

"Very useful, that. Make sure you don't lose it," he says with a small smirk.

"I won't," Hyrule responds, heart pounding. He grips the sword tightly, taking comfort in its familiar hilt, in the ability to hold a weapon and not feel the pain.

Legend is watching him closely still, and for a moment, Hyrule considers telling him the truth. But then he remembers that they are still strangers, that even though they all seem honourable and are heroes in their own worlds, he still can't bring himself to be vulnerable. He doesn't truly believe that they will think much different of him - in fact, it will probably help him to befriend them more, as they will see he is cautious not rude - but for someone to find out his greatest weakness? To know precisely how to hurt him? To hold the knowledge that Hyrule can be killed with a blow from a sword that would be minor to anyone else? No, it is far too risky.

So he smiles at the veteran, and walks back to their camp, as if nothing is different about him, as if he cannot feel the hot, suffocating presence of all the armour and weapons. But then he freezes, sensing something else instead, something darker.

Legend strides firmly past him, and Hyrule scrambles after, both stopping once more as their eyes settle on the dark swirling portal where the camp once was.

"Dammit," Legend cusses, kicking the stones in their path. One bounces and flies through the portal, disappearing upon contact.

"Do you think they've gone through already?" asks Hyrule.

"Of course they have," Legend sighs, "Come on, don't want to be too far behind."

The veteran steps through the portal with such confidence, and Hyrule doesn't move to follow. He doesn't know the land they're in, but it has been relatively peaceful on the journey so far, and surely it cannot be worse than the world he comes from? But there is a pull in his chest, an invisible force dragging him towards the now-shrinking portal, and with reluctance Hyrule moves forward, stepping through as the portal closes behind him.

He is immediately hit by a cloud of dust and sand, and stumbles back, coughing.

"Steady," Legend says, grabbing Hyrule's arm. The traveller braces himself, but Legend's rings are all silver and gold, so there is no burning.

The wind whips around them, the source of the wild sand, and Hyrule closes his eyes to shield them from the grit in the air whilst he reaches out, trying to connect to the element. This wind is feral, untamed, but he senses it has been trained before - there is an arrogant laugh, the swish of feathered wings, the twang of a bowstring - and Hyrule is gentle, persuading, gradually bringing it to peace, asking rather than demanding.

He turns his head away before he opens his eyes, knowing that they will be golden.

"Huh. That storm passed quickly," remarks Legend. Hyrule glances over once he feels the power relax within him, then guides the breeze to brush the sand off of Legend's hair and clothes.

Despite the dust clouds fading, all around them are just endless dunes, no trace of the other heroes. Hyrule didn't think he was away from the camp that long, but clearly it was long enough for the others to come through the portal and travel away from them.

"There's no trail, and we certainly don't have a map. How are we supposed to find them?" Legend huffs, "Damn idiots couldn't even bother to wait."

"It was a sandstorm," Hyrule points out, "They had to keep moving to find shelter."

"We better move too before the sun peaks, I don't want to get another bad heatstroke." The veteran sets off at a determined pace, in no particular direction. Hyrule starts to follow, but with each step he reaches deep into the earth, trying to get a sense of direction, and see if he can detect other life. It is quick and natural for him to figure out that they are travelling north-east, and soon after he can sense the warmth that can only be weapons and armour, and therefore, people.

Hyrule quickens his pace so he is almost beside his companion, relaxing a little now he knows they are following a good path. He withdraws his senses from the earth so he won't be overwhelmed by the movements of every creature, having not sensed anything malicious lurking beneath the dunes. Their travel is silent aside from Legend's occasional grumble, both opting to move at a relatively quick pace, wanting to get out of the desert and reunite with their larger group as soon as possible.

But when they are close enough to the people Hyrule sensed, he slows, realising only now that he cannot feel any of their magical signatures. There is a magic present, but it

is dark and smoky, tainted with corruption, unlike any he has felt before.

"Something's wrong," he whispers.

Legend spins on his heel, kicking up dust in the process. "What do you mean? We're almost out of this blasted desert, look, there's rocks ahead-"

"No, I think something is wrong. We shouldn't go over there," Hyrule interrupts, "We should go south, try and find another way out."

"It's almost midday, we *have* to get out of here," Legend argues, "And there's a clear exit literally *right there*, why are you complaining-"

Someone laughs, and Hyrule draws his sword, spinning just in time to block a large blade swooping down towards him. He almost stumbles from the force of the blow, but quickly counters, instinctively calling on the earth to steady his feet, the wind to keep him agile, the water to guide his movements. From the furious grunts and curses coming from his left, Hyrule deduces that Legend is fighting off their attackers too. But with every sword he blocks, he senses more and more coming in, forcing him away from Legend, and back against the cliffs.

Legend cries out, an arrow imbedded in his shoulder, and Hyrule *reacts*.

He is already connected to the three elements, and he draws on them, stirring to life the golden warmth within him, that manifests in flames dancing over his sword. With a yell he swipes his weapon, letting his power scream and burst forth in hungry fire, biting at the enemies that are closing in around them. They recoil, but soon a harsh wind blows, and

the fires curl back towards Hyrule before they sputter and die.

"Interesting," a tall, masked man remarks, holding a large blade that Hyrule senses is a conductor of the wind.

"The hero may have escaped us, but this one will do fine," he adds, turning to one of his comrades.

The rest of the wind slips from Hyrule's control, concentrating around the man's blade, before it sends him flying. He grunts as he meets hard stone, struggling back up until the heat of a sword is thrust in his face. Terror seizes him and he freezes, feeling the tender skin on his cheek begin to blister as the sword presses against it.

"Very fine indeed," the man laughs, then Hyrule's world tunnels into darkness.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you so much for reading!

I've almost finished drafting this fic - tags have been updated & another chapter added, bringing the total up to 6 now. I think we can keep the current rating, but if you think later chapters should be rated T, let me know & I'll amend.

I'm determined to keep to regular updates for this fic, so next chapter will be coming soon!

Thanks again! :D



### 3. iron

#### Notes for the Chapter:

And now, time for everything to go even more wrong XD featuring a deeper exploration into faery lore, and Hyrule getting the attention he deserves (but really, really doesn't want in this context).

Just a little reminder too, Hyrule & Legend's relationship is different here than canon LU - they're reluctant teammates rather than best friends. Currently, anyway.

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

The light comes, but with it, the pain.

Hyrule cannot stop the hiss that escapes his lips as he becomes aware, not just of the throbbing in his skull, but the burning around his wrists and ankles. It's as if there are open flames pressed against his bare skin, but he can feel his gloves and boots still, though they are tighter, restricting. With great effort he forces his eyes open, finding himself lying on his side, wearing heavy cuffs that are the source of the pain.

He can tell, instantly, that they are iron; no other metal would burn so strong through his clothing.

His magic flares, sensing his return to consciousness, but it is restricted, straining against the metal. Gold screams in Hyrule's veins, voices rising near the metal in a bid to dull the pain. For a moment he can almost see a slight glow around the cuffs, but it is gone as quickly as it came.

"Hyrule? Are you awake?"

He shifts, groaning with the pain, but manages to turn his head to see the source of the voice. It's Legend, chained up against a wall, and Hyrule then realises they're in some sort of cell.

*What happened - we were in the desert, and then - those people - sorcerers?*

His head aches when he tries to recall the details, so he focuses solely on the present. Lying on the floor isn't doing him any good, so he musters up his strength and forces himself up, pushing past the pain to drag himself closer to Legend, and leans against the adjacent wall, breathing heavily in an attempt to control the agony.

"Hyrule?" Legend asks again, concern evident in his tone.

"I'm alright," he whispers, grimacing at how weak his voice sounds.

"No, you're not," Legend huffs, "You've been unconscious for a couple hours, plus however long I was also unconscious for. Don't lie to me."

Hyrule recoils at his tone, then gasps as the smallest motion jostles the cuffs and burns him even more.

Legend's eyes are narrowed but a little dazed. "Are your restraints cursed? They're hurting you."

"Yes," Hyrule says.

Legend shakes his head slowly. "No, they're the same as mine, and I'm okay, aside from feeling like I've been whacked over the head with Ravio's hammer." His words and his eyes are sharper now, and Hyrule sighs. There is no use trying to hide from Legend - no point, now he is in such

a bad state anyway. The veteran can't do anything to make it worse.

"I have an... allergy, of sorts," Hyrule confesses, "To metal."

Legend looks shocked for a moment, like he was expecting Hyrule to say something else.

"A metal allergy? But - your sword, and armour, and everything else-"

"My sword is enchanted so I don't get a reaction," he explains quickly, "I only wear leather armour, and my belt has silver on it, because that's the only metal I don't react to. Pure silver and gold, actually."

Legend leans further back against the wall. "An allergy. You have an allergy to *metal* and you *decided* to take up a sword and fight monsters and put yourself in danger whilst surrounded by what you're allergic to?"

A flash of anger shoots through Hyrule's veins. "You should know more than anyone that I didn't chose this," he snaps, "None of us chose to bear our burdens, and yet we have them. I did what I had to do to save my kingdom, and damn the consequences to myself."

His magic screams louder, tearing at his skin, sparking around the cuffs that are keeping it suppressed. Legend's eyes widen, a flicker of fear in their blue depths, then he turns away, his dirty pink fringe a curtain to hide his emotion.

An apology rises in Hyrule's throat, but it is strangled by the sudden appearance of their captors.

"Ah, good. You're awake," the first says, and Hyrule recognises him as the leader of the attack. He still wears the mask with the strange eye symbol on it, but his robes are different, more casual it seems.

Legend doesn't hesitate. "Who are you? What do you want? Tell us!" he demands, straining against his restraints.

The man chuckles. "You, Pinky, are in no position to ask us anything. Now shut up, my business is with your friend here."

Hyrule does his best not to flinch. "What business?" he asks, trying to keep his voice level.

"I don't like to talk long, so I'll cut right to the chase. We'd like you to join us."

*What?*

"Well you've not given us a friendly reception," Legend grumbles.

"The offer is not for you at this moment," says another masked person.

"Who are you, exactly?" Hyrule enquires.

The lead man crosses his arms, offended. "You mean you don't know? Isn't it obvious?" He gestures to the mask, and Hyrule exchanges a glance with Legend.

"Uh, no. We're not from around these parts," Legend says.

"We're the Yiga Clan, of course!" the man exclaims.

Hyrule's confusion must show on his face, as the man sighs loudly.

"The Yiga Clan? We have been actively working for over a hundred years against the evil of the royal family and the traitor Sheikah-"

*Sheikah*, Hyrule thinks, *that's something I recognise.*

"-and then the Calamity was destroyed and - is none of this ringing any bells?" he cries, "Where have you been all your life?"

Hyrule awkwardly shrugs. "Um, I live in a cave."

"Huh." The man sobers and straightens up. "I suppose that makes sense, for someone like you."

*Oh no.*

"Someone like him? What do you mean-"

"Legend," Hyrule whispers, "Don't." He raises his head to meet the gaze of that masked eye, fighting to ignore the accelerating burns on his skin.

"You want me to join you. Why?"

"Your powers, of course! You would be such a great contributor to our clan. The traitor Sheikah turned from our magical routes and took up technology, but we have stayed true to our inner power! And yours... yours shines more than any I have ever seen."

His tone is nothing but greedy, and Hyrule grimaces. Partly he is relieved that these yiga do not want his *blood*, like everyone else seems to... but his power? His magic? No, he is not a tool for anyone to use, and he certainly doesn't trust that they have good intentions.

"I have no interest in joining any clan," he answers firmly.

The yiga soldiers tense. "Oh, really?" says a woman, stepping forward, "You do not want to help others like you?"

*I am nothing like you!* he thinks.

"What do I have to gain from joining you?" he asks.

"I think the question is more... what do you have to lose, if you *refuse*," she retorts, advancing. "It's impressive how you're not screaming in agony right now. I can see that the burns are spreading. How long can faeries last in iron, I wonder? A day? Two at most? What if I remove your clothes, hmm? Direct contact will kill you much quicker, I think."

Legend gasps, but Hyrule refuses to look at him, keeping his trembling gaze fixed on the enemies. He's never really considered how toxic iron could be to him - usually it is part of an alloy, for swords and other weapons - because he has fortunately never been chained with iron before. But he can feel the burns and blisters spreading, up his hand and down his arms, splintering onto his feet and over his shins.

He's not afraid of death, but he knows he cannot die in the hands of his enemies. They may know the truth about what he carries inside - what is in his *blood* - and he cannot risk that evil returning.

Having received no answer, the yiga woman becomes frustrated, walking forward until she is right up against the bars of their cell.

"There is also the matter of your friend's life here," she hisses, "He is of no use to us, we have no reason to keep him around. If you join us, however, we can be persuaded to

let him live, and maybe he could join us too, if he is good enough."

"Good enough? I'm good enough to kill you all within minutes," Legend snarls.

"Ha, we will see," she scoffs.

The lead man steps forward once more. "You have ten minutes to decide," he says, "We will be back, and I hope for both your sakes that you make the right choice."

The yiga turn, and with a puff of smoke, they disappear.

Hyrule slumps against the wall again, realising how tense he'd been in their company. Legend cusses under his breath, all signs of tiredness and injury gone, replaced with anger in his eyes.

"We need to get out of here."

"How?" Hyrule says, "We're trapped, there's no way out."

"Do you expect me to wait around for the others? They don't even know we're here! We have to make our own way out."

"But how?"

"I don't know! Use your faery magic or something!" Legend snaps.

Hyrule pales. "I'm not a faery."

"That's not what it sounded like. Metal allergy? Really?"

"I'm not a faery," he repeats, firmer.

"Whatever," Legend grumbles, "Y'know, in a situation like this it is best to not have secrets, but you can keep lying, that's fine."

"And *you* don't lie?" Hyrule retorts, his magic flaring up inside of him.

Legend scowls and turns away, and Hyrule does the same, hissing as his sharp movements irritate the burns.

"You're hurt," Legend says, his tone suddenly devoid of anger.

"So are you."

"I'm okay, I'm recovering. But you're getting worse."

Hyrule sighs, but doesn't turn back to face his companion. "I know," he whispers.

"If you're a faery - if this is really going to kill you - I need to know. I need to know how much time we have left."

Hyrule doesn't answer, staring down at the horrid cuffs, at the burns that creep towards his fingertips. He doesn't want to help the yiga with whatever evil plan they likely have created... but he also knows he cannot let himself die.

He can't let Legend die, either.

"Can you trust me?" he asks gently.

"I barely know you, Hyrule. We've been travelling together for three months now, and you rarely talk to me still. How can I trust you?" Legend answers bitterly.

"I'm sorry. When this is over - I'll explain it all to you. I promise," Hyrule swears, "I just... I'm gonna need you to



trust me, in the meantime."

Legend's chains clink, then the veteran sighs loudly.  
"Alright. I trust you."

"Thank you," Hyrule says, "Then I have made my decision.  
Yiga!"

He twists to face the bars, straightening up as the man and woman from before materialise from smoke.

"I said I have no interest in *joining* any clan, and I spoke the truth. Forming an alliance with one, however, is something I am willing to consider."

"An alliance?" the woman scoffs.

"Yes." Hyrule calls on the power within, bringing forth enough to spark against his cuffs and reflect gold in his eyes. "Cease your threats and free me from these chains, and we can discuss our terms properly."

*Trust me*, he thinks desperately, towards Legend, *Please don't say anything, just trust me.*

"We can take this discussion to somewhere more comfortable, but I am not removing the shackles until I can be certain we are allies," the woman counters.

"Alright," Hyrule relents, "But in the meantime, no harm is to come to my companion."

"Of course not."

The man unlocks the cell, then removes the chains from Hyrule's restraints, but keeps the iron cuffs in place, as the woman had requested. Hyrule manages to stand, and

though his legs are shaky, he walks from the cell and down the winding corridors. It is strange, to not be able to feel the earth beneath his feet, but he carefully observes his surroundings, taking note of any potential landmarks that will help him retrace his steps. Once the shackles are gone and his full power released, he will have no trouble locating Legend, but it does not hurt to be prepared for other scenarios.

Every plan he can think of will require the cuffs to be removed in order to succeed, so for now, Hyrule turns his focus to persuading the yiga to trust him. He's never been good with words, but he has to try. There is no other option.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you so very much for reading! :D I appreciate all the comments & support, means a lot!

## **4. secret**

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This chapter ran away with me, I didn't originally plan for things to go as they have, but I like it still XD

A few more truths are revealed, and things take a turn.  
Enjoy :)

The yiga lead Hyrule to a more open room, one that is furnished with plush chairs surrounding a wooden table at the centre. The table, and the shelves against the back wall, are piled high with a strange yellow fruit that Hyrule hasn't seen before.

"Take a seat," the man says, and Hyrule does so gratefully.

"Bananas," he adds, gesturing to the yellow fruit, "Do you like them?"

Hyrule has no idea, but they seem nice enough, and he quickly decides that he likes the look of them.

"Yes," he answers. It seems to be the right response though, as all the yiga members in the room - five of them, he counts - seem to relax a little, and the man almost appears happy.

"Good!" he exclaims, "Then eat!"

One of the bananas is pushed towards him, and the man sits down opposite and takes another, peeling off the yellow skin to reveal a softer, cream-coloured inside. Hyrule quickly replicates the motion with his own. It feels like another test, and usually he would suspect poison, but the yiga seem

more interested in keeping him alive. They don't need to threaten him with a slow-working poison either - they already are, with the iron cuffs - and so, Hyrule takes a large bite of the fruit, careful to school his reaction. It's pleasantly nice, though, softer than most fruits and much less juicy, but he quite likes it.

The yiga appear to be watching him intently, though he cannot tell for certain, with the strange masks they wear.

"Do you always hide your faces?" he asks, after finishing the banana.

"We are not taking our masks off, if that is what you're implying," the woman retorts.

Hyrule shrugs and leans back casually - or, as casual as he can be, with the painful restraints. "I'm curious, that's all. Like I said, I haven't met anyone from your clan before, at least not that I'm aware of."

"We *are* masters of deception," the man says proudly.

"Like I said, not that I'm aware of," Hyrule smiles.

The man chuckles. "I like you," he says, "so let's get this talking out of the way. Won't you consider joining us? I would certainly prefer that to an alliance."

"You can excuse me for being wary, especially since I do not know much about you, and you labelled me a foe immediately."

"You attacked us," the woman snaps.

"You attacked me and my companion first," Hyrule corrects.

"Alright, true. But what were you doing in the desert?"

Hyrule wishes he could spin a story about Gerudo or treasure or something that would seem more believable, but as always he is bound by the truth.

"We got lost, trying to meet up with friends of my companion. They had moved on, and we could not find their trail," he says.

"These friends... they're not yours?"

"No." It hurts, but it's true; he cannot be friends with the heroes, not when he avoids them and conceals from them and has done nothing to show he is worth being around, let alone trusting enough to become a *friend*.

"But how I came here does not matter," he continues, before he can dwell on that pain, "I want to know what you think I can do for you."

"What?" the man mutters, confused, but the woman leans forward.

"You will join us," she says bluntly.

"You want to use my power for something," Hyrule states in the same manner.

"Your magic is unlike any we have ever seen before," a third yiga says, stepping forward. "You could use it to help us bring about freedom and victory. You could help us to save this world from the traitor Sheikah and the incompetent royals."

They crouch down, the red eye on their mask burning into Hyrule's mind.

"You have the power to bring back the most powerful king that has ever lived."

"You want me to revive Ganon," Hyrule whispers.

His heart pounds louder as all the yiga nod in sync.

*They don't know, he thinks, suddenly hysterical, they can't know about my blood - they think it is my magic this time - but why? Why do they all think I can do it?*

*Why does everyone always connect me with the return of a monster?*

"Well? Will you help us?" the man asks, far too eager. Does he truly understand what he is asking? Does he know what Ganon's return will bring? This may not be Hyrule's world, but he *cannot* doom it to Ganon's wrath.

He also cannot refuse, else the yiga will never trust him, and he will be doomed to die a slow, painful death from the poisonous burns of iron.

"I don't know if my magic is powerful enough," Hyrule finally says, cautiously, barely able to keep his composure. The panic in his chest is tightening, and so are the burns on his skin, as his magic sparks in reaction to his emotions.

"We know what you are, *faery*. You cannot hide it from us," the woman hisses.

Hyrule flinches. "I'm not a-"

"Maybe not full, but you certainly have faery blood." She reaches forward and jostles his cuffs, and he hisses from the pain, unable to pull away as she turns his hands over, palms now blistering too.

"Your kin have the power to heal even the gravest of wounds. Bringing back the dead is not too far beyond that."

"It's insane," Hyrule blurts out, before he can think, and tries to tug his hands away. "Bringing back the dead? That's not healing magic, it's necromancy, and I nev-" He chokes on the word, his very nature preventing him from speaking, as he realises with horror that it would be a lie.

He *has* brought someone back from the dead, once.

It was after his second adventure; he was travelling the lands, using his magic to heal a valley damaged by many battles, when he sensed the heat of metal and heard the cries of a fight. He ran to the source and killed the monsters, but not before they had dealt a mortal wound to a young boy. His mother had cried and held him as he bled out, all life gone by the time Hyrule knelt down to check his pulse.

The mother saw the gold in his eyes, begged for him to help, and Hyrule did.

He still remembers the feeling of his magic swelling up inside, drawing on the elements to help, as he poured life into a frozen heart, coaxed breath into shrunken lungs, and dragged the poor boy's soul back into his mortal body. The process left Hyrule exhausted, and the mother was so grateful, but the boy had such blankness in his eyes. He was returned, but he had no real life, no spark within him.

Hyrule remembers, and he doesn't want to ever do it again.

His face must betray his emotion, as the woman grows angrier.

"I know you can do it, and I think a live demonstration is in order."

"What?" Hyrule exclaims, "I - I don't know if I can do it again! And you'll have to let me out of these restraints, I have to let the magic build first, but even then it may not work."

"Nice try, but I'm not taking these off until the experiment begins," she retorts, "As for the success of this... well, you better hope it works."

She motions to a couple other yiga in the room, who surge forward and roughly haul Hyrule to his feet, their gloved hands tight around his upper arms.

"Stop this!" Hyrule protests, "You agreed to discuss an alliance-"

"I won't make deals with faeries. You *are* going to do as we say, there is no choice in this matter. Others may try to be kind with you, but I have lost my patience."

She spins on her heel and strides firmly down the corridor, the two yiga guards dragging Hyrule along after her. Nausea bubbles within as he recognises they are headed back to the cell - back to *Legend*.

*Oh no. No, not this - not him, please, no, not him -!*

"Stop," Hyrule gasps, just before the cell, "You don't - you don't need a demonstration. I can do it. I've done it before, I can do it again."

"I know," she smirks, "And so you will."



The cell opens, and a couple of yiga grab Legend and pull him up, restraining him in the same manner as Hyrule.

"Argh, stop!" the veteran protests, "What is all this about?"

"You said you could kill us all within minutes. Well, I can kill you faster than that," the woman addresses him cruelly, spinning a wicked, spiked circular blade in her hand.

Legend's eyes widen, a trace of fear on his face, and Hyrule struggles even more, despite the increasing burning.

"Stop! I'll do it," he cries, "I'll do what you want, as long as you don't hurt him! I - I promise!"

The woman turns back to face him for a moment. "A promise from a faery? That is not easily broken, I know. But it is not enough."

"My promise is conditional," he hisses, "If you hurt him, then it is void."

"Then swear to me another," she demands.

"Don't do it," Legend urges, and Hyrule can see his thoughts displayed clear on his face for once. We're not even friends, don't give them what they want just to save me.

But what Legend doesn't know - *can't know* - is that, though they are not friends, though Hyrule cannot be trusted, though he has only worked to stay as far from the other heroes as possible - despite all that, he has grown to care for them. And though they are not friends, he wants so badly for them to be, and thinks that they could, if he was just *hylian*.

He cannot let Legend die.

"What do you want me to swear?" he asks quietly, looking at the ground so he doesn't have to see Legend's face.

"Your willingness is impressive, but I am afraid it is still not enough."

She pulls back her arm, ready to bring the blade down, and Hyrule can almost see her cruel smile through the mask.

"Prepare him," she commands, and Hyrule's cuffs fall away. He gasps as his magic streaks back into life, staggering under the gravity of it consuming his veins once more, but he does not have the time to appreciate its full return.

As he staggers, the woman brings her blade down, and he cannot stop it from slashing through his companion, his *friend*.

Legend falls.

Hyrule screams.

The world turns crimson and gold.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

oops cliffhanger hehehe

you only have to wait a week though, I am keeping to regular updates. If that's any consolation haha

Thank you so much for reading! and for all the comments too, it means so much to hear from you all, thank you!

## 5. gold

### Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry this chapter is a little late!

Hyrule finally gets his time to shine... enjoy! :D

Fires rage within, the wind swirls around him, water pulses at his fingertips, and the earth rises to support him. The elements come together, their natural magic mixing with his own, and the transformation comes easier than it ever has before. He spins in the air, golden wings fluttering, and screams again as his magic bursts forth, knocking every nearby yiga down. Then he zips over to Legend, reaching out with tendrils of magic to check his pulse.

He's still alive.

*Your kin have the power to heal even the gravest of wounds.*

Hyrule isn't just a faery.

He's also half-hylian.

And somehow, that makes him even *more* powerful.

His magic is wild, unrestrained, tangled in the roots of this world, and Hyrule only has to guide it to the wound in Legend's chest, his body glowing a brighter gold as tissue and sinews knit back together. It should be a burden on his magic, a weighted task, but it is not, and Hyrule only has time to shift back to his other form before Legend wakes, breathing deeply.

"You're glowing," he says, staring at Hyrule.

The traveller turns away. "Let's go," he says, and with a whispered word and a flash of gold, Legend's chains fall away. The veteran scrambles to his feet, no hesitation as he walks through the open cell door, as if he hadn't just narrowly escaped death. Hyrule wonders if he even has memory of it, everything happened so fast, but he does not enquire now. Their current focus is to get out of here.

He exits the cell, reaching out into the earth, searching until he finds a concentration of metal - specifically, an enchanted metal that he recognises and welcomes.

"Our weapons are this way. Follow me," he says, stepping over an unconscious yiga and strolling down the corridor with a confidence that expects the veteran to follow. After a couple of questions that receive no answer, his rabbit-like footsteps dash after Hyrule, who does not break stride. A couple of yiga appear, but with a wave of his hand and a flash in his eyes they are cast aside, easily dealt with. The wind surges in from every window and crack in the walls, swirling around the two heroes, eager to push back against their enemies.

Soon, they reach a store cupboard where their weapons have been discarded, and Legend grumbles as he picks up his sword and bag. Hyrule takes his, pausing a moment to appreciate the feel of it in his hands, then sheaths the blade.

He's not relying on metal weapons to get them away.

"The wind," Legend says, gesturing around them, "Is that you?"

Hyrule shrugs. "Partly. I don't control it, I just asked for its help."

"Amazing," Legend murmurs, and Hyrule turns away, suddenly feeling warm and a little uncomfortable. He focuses his magic again, and finds the exit not too far. Unfortunately, though, there are at least a dozen people in the way, maybe more.

"Can you fight?" Hyrule asks.

Legend twirls his sword and smirks. "Of course."

"Stay a little way behind me - I'll take out as many as I can, but I might need you to take the stragglers," he commands, heading out before Legend can protest.

As he jogs he calls his magic to him, building up the fire in his chest, letting all the trapped energy spark down his limbs as he prepares for a spell he learnt on his adventure. The yiga move to attack as soon as they spot him, but the water guides his movements, allowing him to flow between them until he is in the middle of them. His heartbeat is a staccato loud in his ears, its rhythm matching the crackles in the air as he brings forth all the power he can grasp.

Sparks dance across his fingertips, and he smiles.

"*Thunder*," he breathes.

Bolts streak forth from every inch of his skin, striking the enemies around him and sending them to the ground, sparking. Gold burns through his vision and he laughs as the lightning breaks through the ceiling, shooting down and colliding, some taking out the remaining yiga, the largest bolt striking Hyrule himself, though the electricity only fuels him, it does not harm him. The back of his hand heats up and glows, his secondary power now making itself known as the walls around crack and crumble, creating a clear path for an exit.

"Hyrule..."

He turns, suddenly remembering his companion, and feels a little self-conscious of how his eyes must be glowing, at the gold spreading over his skin, the sparks swirling in the wind around him. Legend's blue eyes lock onto his, and for a moment they both stand frozen, unsure of what to say, maybe even afraid of each other. Then Legend sheaths his sword and breaks their gaze, glancing over at the yiga lying around them.

"Huh, you didn't need my help after all," he remarks, "Come on, you ready to try find the others?"

"Yes," Hyrule answers, trying not to wince at the chime of his voice.

Legend nods and motions for Hyrule to take the lead, and he does, gently releasing the magic back into the earth, letting it guide him to another congregation of metal that is much more friendly. The sparks fade and the glowing stops, but the wind doesn't leave until he can see the group of heroes in the distance. It swirls around him, whispers of gratitude for their playtime, then it is gone, and Hyrule stumbles.

A firm hand wraps around his arm, thankfully not touching any burnt skin, and exhaustion finally catches up to him.

"Steady," Legend says, oddly gentle, and guides Hyrule's arm to hook over his shoulder. He supports the drained traveller for a few steps, by which point the others have spotted them and are running over.

"Legend! Hyrule! There you are!" Twilight exclaims, relief clear in his tone, but his face quickly pales. "You're hurt!"

"I'm fine," Legend says dismissively, "But Hyrule-"

"There is blood all over your tunic, Legend," Twilight interrupts bluntly.

The veteran blinks and glances down. "What?" He pulls at the tear in his tunic, pushing aside the fabric to reveal the flawless skin. "I don't understand..."

"I healed you," Hyrule confesses.

Legend's eyes widen. "You - you *idiot!*" he splutters, "You're injured too! Why would you waste that ability on me?"

Before Hyrule can reply, his knees give out, and the two heroes manage to catch him before his face can greet the dirt. Still, their hands brush against the burns and he hisses, the agony making itself known again.

"I'll be alright," he whispers, "Just need... a minute..."

The world starts to blur, an increasing ringing in his ears, and Hyrule suddenly finds it a struggle to keep his eyes open.

"Hey, stay with me," Legend urges, "Where are you hurt?"

"Arms... legs..." Hyrule manages to say.

Then the darkness rears up to take him, and he lets himself fall.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hyrule is a sweet bean and I adore him, but he's also really powerful and I wanted to explore that more! I hope you liked this chapter!

Thank you so much for reading!!!

Final chapter will be coming next week :)



## 6. friend

### Notes for the Chapter:

Final chapter is here! :D featuring healing, awaited conversations, and some fluff. Enjoy!

Hyrule wakes to find himself lying amidst a pile of the fluffiest pillows he has ever seen.

For a moment he remains, letting himself sink into the comfort, until his recent memories come flooding back.

He shoots bolt upright, panic squeezing his chest as pain spikes in his arms.

*Legend knows.*

"Hyrule! Steady, breathe, you're still recovering," the man himself says, calloused hands reaching for Hyrule. The traveller flinches, and Legend freezes.

"I'm not going to hurt you, I promise. You saved me."

"Surely you have questions," Hyrule chokes out.

"I do, but they can wait until you're better. It's fortunate the others found us when they did, and that Wild's slate can transport two people at once. We were miles away from any stable or town."

"Are we... his Hyrule?"

"Yeah. Turns out he's had dealings with the Yiga Clan before."

Hyrule's voice shakes, "Did you tell them? Do they know?"

"I haven't told them of anything, beyond us getting captured and that you were hurt. Wild did see the lightning though, you'll have to think of something for that one."

Hyrule stares down at his bandaged hands, unsure of what to say. Why is Legend displaying trust? He knows more about Hyrule than any of the others, so why is he still here? Why isn't he demanding answers?

"Rest," Legend says then, standing. Hyrule turns and frowns at him.

"Why? Why aren't you asking?"

"Like I said, my questions can wait until you're better. Besides, if you are what I suspect... you promised me answers, and you won't be able to break that promise."

Hyrule doesn't say anything, knowing his answer will betray him, and he doesn't move until the veteran has left the room. For a moment he considers running, but that will only make things worse, and his promise to Legend is a shackle, preventing him from fleeing even if he decides to.

He can always run after the truth is out, though. He always runs.

A few days pass easily with Hyrule floating in and out of consciousness, the wounds from the iron having more affect on his body than surface burns. He's constantly tired yet sleeping restlessly, and the weight of the promise grows heavier and heavier, compelling him to see it through.

Legend is his main visitor, though Wild and Twilight visit a couple of times, and Sky once. Strangely, though, both Sky

and Twilight have foregone their usual chainmail when visiting, and Hyrule wonders if Legend had said something after all.

Currently the veteran is sat beside his bed, fiddling with his many rings, having not yet noticed Hyrule's latest return to consciousness. The traveller knows that he cannot put this off any longer.

"We need to talk," he says, and Legend startles.

"Okay," he replies, but there is a question in his blue irises. *Are you sure? Are you ready?*

Hyrule glances towards the open door, and with a flash of gold, it closes. Then he turns back to Legend, his soul bared for the veteran's inspection.

"The first thing you need to know is that I cannot lie. It is impossible for me to say something if I know it is untrue."

Legend pales. "You... you shouldn't have told me that."

"I'm trusting you. I promised to explain everything, and as you guessed, I cannot break my promises."

"You shouldn't have promised in the first place!" Legend exclaims, shaking his head, "You've just given me so much power over you, don't you understand that?"

"Of course I understand!" Hyrule's heart is pounding and every vein is screaming for him to stop, but he is committed now.

"I understand," he repeats, "But I'm choosing to trust you."

"Why?"

There are so many reasons, and Hyrule struggles to hold them back, to be selective in his response.

*Because I realise that I feel safe around you. Because your magic feels the closest to my own. Because you're my predecessor. Because I care for you.*

"When we were captured... I realised that I don't want to be alone in this. You were so worried for me and I- I was worried for you, too. And I don't want to carry this alone anymore. You deserve the truth, and I'm okay to share it with you."

He ducks his head, then gasps as a warm hand brushes against his bandaged palm, and looks up again.

Legend's eyes are soft, more like the sky than their usual wild ocean.

"Thank you, for trusting me," the veteran says, gently.

Hyrule smiles slightly and squeezes his hand as best as he can.

"I'd best start at the beginning. I was born to a hylan and a faery - at least, that is what the faeries told me. I was raised by them for a few years, until I was old enough to assume a more hylan form. The faeries are welcoming, you see, it didn't matter to them that I'm only half-faery, they took me in anyway. Hylans, however..."

He trails off, and knows from Legend's expression that the veteran understands.

Hyrule skips over the majority of his childhood, then tells about his adventures, about the spells he learnt to protect and to heal. He tells of his weakness to all metals, except silver and gold, and especially iron. He tells of his ability to

connect to the elements, how he uses them as a guide - "so I don't actually get lost when I wander," he remarks, and Legend smiles.

Hyrule finds himself relaxing more as he talks, but now there is one last secret to tell, and he's not sure how to say it.

"I'm not exactly... welcome, in my land," he confesses, watching Legend cautiously. The veteran's brow furrows, but he motions for the traveller to continue.

"Magic isn't widespread, there's not many hylians who can actually use it. Most the magic is wielded by monsters, so any hylian who has it is either respected or feared. More often than not, it's the latter.

"I've always had my magic, and it's stronger than that of other hylians because of my faery blood. People don't understand that, though. They just see my magic, and they want it - and monsters are the same. They all want it. Even the yiga, who I've never met before, saw it and wanted it. I can't escape them.

"I was hunted before I even picked up a sword, but it was easier then. I was a child, most people didn't know of my power. I had anonymity. But after I killed Ganon, the monsters wanted more than just my magic - they wanted my blood. Quite literally."

"Your blood?" Legend echoes, "Why?"

"They believe that my blood can revive Ganon," Hyrule whispers, expecting Legend to flinch back, to call him a monster, but the veteran just looks angry - and not at Hyrule.

"You don't deserve that. They have no reason to hunt you based on a stupid belief like that." His eyes are still a sky, but there is a righteous storm brewing.

Hyrule's gaze drifts to his left hand, the final truth stuck in his mouth.

"I have it," Legend says then, drawing Hyrule's attention back to him, "The Triforce of Courage."

He pushes his sleeve down and tilts his hand towards the light, exposing the three triangles, one darker than the others. Hyrule can sense it, his own hand tingling with warmth at the presence of another.

"You have it too, don't you? The Triforce of Courage?" asks Legend.

Hyrule nods, and opens his mouth to confess, but Legend continues.

"That's all I want to know."

"But-"

"You've told me everything, Hyrule, and so much more. I know you have Courage. I don't need to know anymore," Legend says, gentle but firm, and Hyrule understands what is unsaid.

*This is a secret you can still keep.*

"Okay," Hyrule breathes.

Legend smiles. "You look exhausted, so I'll leave you to rest. But when you're better, can you teach me that spell? The one to enchant metal?"

"Yes," Hyrule agrees, though a part of him aches - he thought Legend was different, but he's asking something of him, like everyone else does -

"Great!" the veteran exclaims, "Then maybe we can figure out how to adapt it, so my weapons won't hurt you either. And the other heroes' gear, too. I'm no faery, but I do have *some* experience with magic."

Hyrule stares, hardly believing. "You... you'd do that for me? Why?"

"Because we're friends," Legend says, "That is, if it's alright with you."

The ache inside suddenly bursts into a bright warmth that brings tears to Hyrule's eyes.

"Yes," he gasps, "I... I would love that."

He finds himself wrapped in warm arms, pressed against a red tunic, pink hair tangling with his unruly curls.

"You don't have to be alone again, 'Rule. I promise," Legend whispers.

"Careful," Hyrule responds, shakily, "You - you shouldn't make a promise with me, faeries have to keep promises but we also hold others to their promises-"

"You better hold me to that promise," Legend says fiercely, "I mean it."

He relaxes his hold, enough that they can pull back and see eye-to-eye.

"I promise, Hyrule, that I'm going to stay with you. I promise to be your friend, and I promise to keep your secrets."

Hyrule's vision is blurring, but his magic leaps within him, gold specks dancing across his skin even as his tears fall.

"Thank you," he manages to choke out, and Legend - his predecessor, his fellow hero, his *friend* - embraces him again.

There is no spell that can create friendship, no special potion, not even a guide. It is something that has always alluded Hyrule, with all his secrets and fear and the shadow that everyone he meets only wants to *take take take*, his blood, his magic, his life.

But now, in the arms of one who knows - knows, and does not hate him, does not want anything *from* him, only wants *him* - he tastes the first blossom of that sacred, golden flower, and his magic is not the only warmth in his chest.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

And now begins a beautiful friendship, which will soon expand to include the whole of the Chain!

I really enjoyed writing a different take on Hyrule, and his relationship with the others, especially Legend. This fic has been such a fun little story to write :D

Thank you so much for reading!

### **Author's Note:**



*You can't live without the fire  
It's the heat that makes you strong  
'Cause you're born to live and fight it all the way  
You can't hide what lies inside you  
It's the only thing you know  
You're embracing that, never walk away  
Don't walk away*

- iron, within temptation